ALCILIA.

Philoparthens louing FOLLY.

WHEREVNTO IS ADDED,

Pigmalions Image:

WITH

The Loue of AMOS and LAVRA.

And alſo,

EPIGRAMMES,

BY

Sir *I. H.* and others.

The Second Impreſſion.



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#4277

A LETTER,
written by a Gentleman, to *the Author, his Friend.*

(***)

FRiend *Philoparthen*, in perusing your louing-folly, and your declining from it, I doe behold Reason conquering Passion. The infirmitie of louing argueth you are a man; the firmenesse thereof discouereth a good wit, and the best nature; and the falling from it, true vertue. Beauty was alwayes of force to mislead the wisest, and men of greatest perfection haue had no power to resist Loue. The best are accompanied with Vices, to exercise their Vertues, whose glory shineth brightest in resisting motiues of pleasure, and in subduing affections. And though I cannot altogether excuse your *Louing-folly*; yet I doe the lesse blame you, in that you loued such a one, as was more to be commended for her vertue then beauty; albeit euen for that too, she was so well accomplished with the gifts of nature, as in mine own conceit (which, for good cause, I must submit as inferior to yours) there was nothing wanting, either in the one or the other, that might adde more to her worth, except it were a more due and

better regard of your loue, which ſhe requited not according to your deſerts, nor anſwerable to her ſelfe in her other parts of perfection: Yet herein it appeareth you haue made good vſe of reaſon, that beeing heeretofore loſt in youthfull vanitie, haue now by timely diſcretion found your ſelfe. Let me intreate you to ſuffer theſe your paſſionate Sonnets to be publiſhed, which may peraduenture make others, poſſeſſed with the like humour of Louing, to follow your example in leauing, and moue other *Alciliaes* (if there be any) to embrace deſeruing loue while they may. Heereby alſo ſhe ſhall know, and (it may be) inwardly repent the loſſe of your loue, and ſee how much her perfections are blemiſhed by ingratitude, which will make your happineſſe greater, by adding to your reputation, then your contentment could haue beene in enioying her loue: At the leaſt wiſe the wiſer ſort, howſoeuer in cenſuring them, they may diſlike of your errors; yet they cannot but commend and allow of your reformation; and all others that ſhall vvith indifferency reade them, may reape thereby ſome benefit or contentment. Thus much I haue written, as a teſtimony of the good will I beare you, with whom I doe ſuffer or reioyce, according to the quality of good hap, or misfortune: and ſo I take my leaue, reſting, as alwayes,

Yours moſt aſſured,

PHILARETE.

Author ipſe Philopartheos ad Libellum ſuum.

PArue Liber, Domini vanos dicture labores,
Inſomnes noctes, ſollicitoſq; dies,
Errores varios, languentis tædia vitæ,
Mœrores certos, gaudia certa minus,
Peruigiles curas, ſuſpiria, vota, querelas,
Et quæcunque pati dura coegit amor.
I precor intrepidus, duram comiterq; ſalutans
Hæc me eius cauſa ſuſtinuiſſe refer.
Te grato excipiet vultu rubicundula, nomen
Cùm titulo inſcriptum viderit eſſe ſuum.
Forſitan & noſtri miſerebitur illa doloris,
Dicet, & ah quantum deſerüiſſe dolet:
Seq; nimis ſæuam crudelemq; ipſa vocabit,
Cui non eſt fidei debita cura meæ;
Quod ſiquidē eueniet, Domino ſolaminis illud,
Et tibi ſupremi muneris inſtar erit.
Si quis (vt eſt æquum) fatuos damnauerit ignes,
Pigritiæ fructus ingenüſq; leuis:
Tu Dominum cæcis tenebris errâſſe, ſed ipſum
Erroris tandem pœnituiſſe ſui,
Me quoque re vera nec tot nec tanta tuliſſe,
Sed ficta ad placitum multa fuiſſe refer.
Ah quanto ſatius (niſi mens mihi vana) fuiſſet
Iſta meo penitùs delituiſſe ſinu,

Quam

Ad Libellum ſuum.

Quam leuia in lucem prodire, aut luce carentis,
Inſanam Domini prodere ſtultitiam.
Nil amor eſt aliud, quam mentis morbus & error.
Nil ſapienter agit, nil bene, quiſquis amat.
Sed non cuique datur ſapere, aut melioribus vti,
Forte erit alterius, qui meus error erat.
Cautior incedit, qui nunquam labitur, atqui
Iam proprio euadam cautior ipſe malo.
Si cui dilecto granior mea pœna videtur,
Illius in laudes officioſus erit.
Te ſi quis ſimili qui carpitur igne videbit,
Ille ſuam ſortem flebit, & ille meam.
Alcilię obſequium ſupplex præſtare memento,
Non minima officij pars erit illa tui.
Te fortaſſe ſua ſecura recondet in arca,
Et Solis poſthac luminis orbus eris.
Nil referet, fateor me non prudenter amaſſe;
Vltima deceptæ ſors erit illa ſpei.
Bis proprio Phœbus curſu luſtrauerat orbem,
Conſcius erroris, ſtultitiæq; meæ,
A quo primus Amor cœpit penetrare medullas,
Et falſa accenſos nutrijt arte focos.
Deſino iam nugas amplecti, ſeria poſthac
(Vt Ratio monet) ac vtiliora ſequar.

The

The ſame Engliſhed, thus:

PHILOPARTHEN

The AVTHOR,

To his Booke.

GOe, little Booke, bound ready to declare
My reſtleſſe nights, vaine toyles, and dayes of care
In wearied life, what ſorrowes I endure,
My wandrings, Ioyes vncertaine, Griefes too ſure;
Sighes, vowes, moanes, watchfull cares, and all the reſt
Of miſery, that Loue on me hath preſt.
Goe boldly, gently greet the rigorous Dame,
And ſay, for her ſake I ſuſtaine the ſame:
When in thy Front her Name ſhe viewes erected,
Shee'l bluſh, (no doubt) and thou ſhalt be reſpected:
Yea more, perhaps, bewailing ſuch my woe,
Shee'l ſay, Alas, Why did I vſe him ſo?
And ſtile her ſelfe too barbarous and hard,
That to my faith did giue no due regard:
Which if it come to paſſe, will proue to mee
A Comfort, and a large Reward to thee:
Should any one (as well he may) reproue
My light Wits idle fruits, and fooliſh loue,
Tell him, Aſtray ith' darke thy Maſter went,
But of his Errour did in time repent:

And ſay, So much indeed he ne'r ſuſtain'd,
But many things to pleaſe his Fancy feign'd.
O how much better, but that I was mad,
Might Theſe their Buriall in my Breſt haue had
Than come to light ſo light, or once detect
Their blinded Maſters witleſſe mindes defect!
What's *Loue*, but Errour? a heart-burning Hell,
Who loue, doe nothing wiſely, nothing well.
But all men are not wiſe, nor vſe the Beſt;
Such Bane another may aſwell digeſt:
He wary walkes that neuer treads aſide:
But now mine owne miſhap my Wit ſhall guide.
If any thinke my Griefe my Guilt out-waighes,
Then wilt thou be officious in his Praiſe.
If any, like me burnt, ſhall thee peruſe,
My fortune with his owne will he accuſe.
My Seruice humbly to *Alcilia's* Beautie
Commend, being not the leaſt part of thy dutie.
Thee careleſſe in her Cheſt, perhaps, ſhee'l caſt,
And of the Sunnes light thou ſhalt ſee thy laſt.
It skills not; I confeſſe, I lou'd amiſſe;
My fruſtrate hopes laſt venture ſhall be this.
Twiſe 'bout this Orbe hath *Phœbus* run his race,
Noting my Folly and erroneous caſe,
Since *Loue* at firſt my Marrow did inſpire,
And nouriſht with falſe Art his kindled fire.
Now, hating Toyes, graue Matters I affect,
And of more worth, as Reaſon doth direct.

AMORIS PRÆLVDIVM:

VEL,

Epiſtola ad Amicam.

TO thee, *Alcilia*, ſolace of my youth, (ſed:
Theſe rude and ſcattered Rimes I haue addreſ-
The certaine witneſſe of my loue and truth,
That truly cannot be in words expreſſed;
Which if I ſhall perceiue thou tak'ſt in gree,
I will from henceforth write of none but thee.

Here may you find the wounds your ſelfe haue made
The many ſorrowes I haue long ſuſtain'd:
Here may you ſee that *Loue* muſt be obey'd;
How much I hop'd, how little I haue gain'd:
That as for *you* the paines haue beene endur'd,
Euen ſo by you they may at length be cur'd.

I will not call for aide to any *Muſe*,
It is for learned Poets ſo to doe:
Affection muſt my want of Art excuſe;
My Workes muſt haue their patronage from you,
Whoſe ſweet aſſiſtance if obtaine I might,
I ſhould be able both to ſpeake and write.

Meane while vouchſafe to reade this, as aſſignde
To no mans cenſure, but to yours alone:
Pardon the faults that you therein ſhall finde,
And thinke the *Writers* heart was not his owne.
Experience of examples daily proue,
That no man can be well aduis'd, and loue.

And though the worke it ſelfe deſerue it not,
Such is your worth with my great wants compar'd:
Yet may my Loue vnfained, without ſpot,
Challenge ſo much, (if more cannot be ſpar'd:)
Then (louely Virgin) take this in good part,
The reſt vnſeene is ſeal'd vp in the heart.

Iudge not by this the depth of my Affection,
Which farre exceeds the meaſure of my skill:
But rather note herein your owne perfection,
So ſhall appeare my want of Art, not Will,
Whereof, this now as part, in lieu of greater,
I offer, as an inſufficient debter.

Sic incipit ſtultorum Tragicomedia.

IT was my chance (vnhappy chance to mee)
As all alone I wandred on my way;
Voyd of diſtruſt, from doubt of dangers free,
To paſſe a Groue, where *LOVE* in Ambuſh lay;
Who ayming at me with his feather'd Dart,
Conuey'd it by mine Eye vnto my heart.

Where (wretchleſſe Boy) he let the Arrow ſticke,
While I, as one amazed, ſenſeleſſe ſtood:
The hurt was great, yet ſeemed but a pricke,
The wound was deep, and yet appear'd no blood;
"But inwardly it bleeds, *Proofe* teacheth this,
"When wounds doe ſo, the danger greater is.

Pauſing a while, and grieued with my wound,
I look'd about, expecting ſome reliefe:
Small hope of helpe, no eaſe of paine I found,
Like all at once to periſh in my griefe:
When haſtily I plucked forth the Dart,
But left the head faſt fixed in my Heart.

Faſt fixed in my Heart I left the head;
From whence I doubt it will not be remoued:
Ah, what vnluckie chance that way me led? (ued,
O *Loue*, thy force thou might'ſt elſe-where haue pro-
And ſhew'd thy power, where thou art not obey'd;
"The Conqueſt's ſmall, where no reſiſt is made.

But nought (alas) auailes it to complaine,
I reſt reſolu'd with Patience to endure:
The fire being once diſperſt through euery veyne,
It is too late to hope for preſent cure.
Now *Philoparthen* muſt new Follies proue,
And learne a little, what it is to loue.

These Sonnets following, were written *by the Author, (who giueth himselfe this* fained name of *Philoparthen*, as his accidentall attribute) at diuers times, and vpon diuers occasions: *and therefore in the forme and matter they differ*, and sometimes are quite contrary one to another, considering the nature and quality of Love, *which is a Passion full of varietie and* contrarietie in it selfe.

(*)

I.

VNhappy Eyes, that first my heart betraide,
Had you not seen, my griefe had not bin such:
And yet how may I iustly you vpbraide,
Since what I saw, delighted me so much?
But hence, alas, proceedeth all my smart,
Vnhappy Eyes, that first betray'd my Heart.

II.

To ſeeke aduentures, as *Fate* hath aſſign'd,
My ſlender Barke now flotes vpon the Maine:
Each troubled thought an Oare, each ſigh a Winde,
Whoſe often puffes haue rent my Sayles in twaine.
LOVE ſteers the Boat, which, for that ſight he lacks,
Is ſtill in danger of ten thouſand wracks.

III.

VVhat ſudden chance hath chang'd my wonted cheare,
Which makes me other then I ſeeme to be? (cheare,
My dayes of ioy, that once were bright and cleare,
Are turn'd to night, my mirth to miſery.
Ah, well I weene that ſomewhat is amiſſe,
But ſooth to ſay, I know not what it is.

IIII.

What, am I dead? Then could I feele no ſmart:
But ſtill in me the ſenſe of griefe reuiueth.
Am I aliue? Ah no, I haue no heart;
For ſhe that hath it, me of life depriueth:
Oh that ſhe would reſtore my heart againe,
Or giue me hers, to counteruaile my paine.

V.

If it be LOVE, to waſte long houres in griefe;
If it be LOVE, to wiſh, and not obtaine;
If it be LOVE, to pine without reliefe;
If it be LOVE, to hope, and neuer gaine:
Then may you thinke that he hath truly lou'd,
Who for your ſake all this and more hath prou'd.

VI.

If ought that in mine eyes haue done amiſſe,
Let them receiue deſerued puniſhment:
For ſo the perfect rule of Iuſtice is,
Each for his owne deeds ſhould be prais'd or ſhent.
Then doubtleſſe it is 'gainſt both Law and ſence,
My Heart ſhould ſuffer for mine Eyes offence.

VII.

I am not ſicke, and yet I am not ſound;
I eate and ſleepe, and yet me thinks I thriue not:
I ſport and laugh, and yet my ſighes abound;
I am not dead, and yet me thinkes I liue not.
What vncoth cauſe hath theſe ſtrange paſſions bred,
To make at once, ſicke, ſound, aliue, and dead?

VIII.

Some thing I want, but what I cannot ſay;
O now I know, It is my ſelfe I want:
My Loue with her hath tane my heart away.
Yea, Heart and all, and left me very ſcant.
Such power hath Loue, and nought but Loue alone,
To make diuided Creatures liue in one.

IX.

Philo. Come, gentle Death, and ſtrike me with thy Dart:
Life is but lothſome to a man oppreſt.
Death. How can I kill thee, when thou haſt no heart?
That which thou hadſt, is in anothers breſt.
Philo. Then muſt I liue, and languiſh ſtill in paine?
Death. Yea, till thy *Loue* reſtore thy Heart againe.

X.

Were *Loue* a fire, my teares might quench it lightly;
Or were it water, my hot Heart might dry it;
If Ayre, then might it paſſe away more ſlightly:
Or were it Earth, the world would ſoone deſcry it.
If Fire, nor Water, Ayre nor Earth it be,
What then is it that thus tormenteth me?

XI.

To paint her outward ſhape and gifts of minde,
It doth exceed my wit and cunning farre:
She hath no fault, but that ſhe is vnkinde.
All other parts in her ſo compleate are,
That who to view them throughly would deuiſe,
Muſt haue his body nothing elſe but Eyes.

XII.

Faire is my Loue, whoſe parts are ſo well framed,
By Natures ſpeciall order and direction;
That ſhe her ſelfe is more then halfe aſhamed,
In hauing made a worke of ſuch perfection:
And well may nature bluſh at ſuch a feature,
Seeing her ſelfe excelled in her creature.

XIII.

Her body is ſtraight, ſlender, and vpright;
Her viſage comely, and her lookes demure,
Mixt with a cheerefull grace, that yeelds delight:
Her eyes like ſtars, bright ſhining, cleare, and pure,
Which I deſcribing, *Loue* bids ſtay my pen,
And ſayes it's not a worke for mortall men.

XIIII.

The auncient Poets write of Graces three,
Which meeting all together in one Creature,
In all points perfect make the ſame to bee,
For inward vertues, and for outward feature.
But ſmile, *Alcilia*, and the World ſhall ſee,
That in thine Eyes an hundred graces be.

XV.

As *Loue* had drawne his Bow, ready to ſhoote,
Ayming at me with reſolute intent:
Straight Bow and Shaft he caſt downe at his foote,
And ſaid, Why needleſſe ſhould one Shaft be ſpent?
Ile ſpare it then, and now it ſhall ſuffice,
In ſtead of Shafts to vſe *Alcilia's* eyes.

XVI.

Bluſh not, my *Loue*, for feare leſt *Phœbus* ſpie,
Which if he doe, then doubtleſſe he will ſay,
Thou ſeekſt to dim his clearneſſe with thine eye,
That clearneſſe which from Eaſt brings gladſome day:
But moſt of all leſt *Ioue* ſhould ſee, I dread,
And take thee vp to heauen, like *Ganymede*.

What

XVII.

Philo. What is the cauſe *Alcilia* is diſpleaſed?
Lo. Becauſe ſhe wants that which ſhuld moſt content
Phil. O did I know it, ſoone ſhould ſhe be eaſed. (her.
Loue. Perhaps thou doſt, and that doth moſt torment
Phil. Yet let her aske what ſhe deſires to haue. (her.
Loue. Geſſe by thy ſelfe, for Maidens muſt not craue.

XVIII.

My *Loue* by chance her tender finger pricked,
As in the darke I ſtriued for a kiſſe:
Whoſe blood I ſeeing, offered to haue licked,
But halfe in anger ſhe refuſed this.
O that ſhe knew the difference of the ſmart,
Twixt her prick'd finger, and my wounded heart.

XIX.

Philo. I pray thee tell, what makes my hart to tremble
When on a ſudden I *Alcilia* ſpie?
Loue. Becauſe thy heart cannot thy ioy diſſemble,
Thy life and death are both lodg'd in her eye.
Phil. Doſt thou not her with ſelf-ſame paſſion ſtrike?
Loue. O no, her heart and thine are not alike.

XX.

Such are thy parts of body and of minde,
That if I ſhould not loue thee as I doe,
I ſhould too much degenerate from kinde,
And thinke the world would blame my weaknes to:
For he, whom ſuch perfections cannot moue,
Is either ſenſleſſe, or not borne to loue.

XXI.

Alcilia's Eyes haue ſet my Heart on fire,
The pleaſing obiect that my paine doth feede;
Yet ſtill to ſee thoſe eyes I doe deſire,
As if my helpe ſhould from my hurt proceed.
Happy were I, might there in her be found,
A will to heale, as there was power to wound.

XXII.

Vnwiſe was he that painted *Loue* a Boy,
Who for his ſtrength a Gyant ſhould haue beene:
It's ſtrange a childe ſhould worke ſo great annoy:
Yet howſoeuer ſtrange, too truely ſeene.
"But what is he that dares at *Loue* repine,
"Whoſe workes are wonders, and himſelfe diuine?

XXIII.

My faire *Alcilia*, gladly would I know it,
If euer louing paſſion pierc'd thy heart,
Oh no; for then thy kindneſſe ſoone would ſhew it,
And of my paines thy ſelfe wouldſt beare ſome part.
Full little knoweth he that hath not proued,
What hell it is to loue, and not be loued.

XXIIII.

Loue, art thou blinde? nay, thou canſt ſee too well;
And they are blinde that ſo report of thee:
That thou doſt ſee, my ſelfe by proofe can tell,
A hapleſſe proofe thereof is made by me:
For ſure I am, hadſt thou not had thy ſight,
Thou neuer could'ſt haue hit my heart ſo right.

XXV.

Long haue I languiſh'd, and endur'd much ſmart,
Since hapleſſe I the cruell faire did loue,
And lodg'd her in the center of my heart,
Who there abiding, Reaſon ſhould her moue,
Though of my paines ſhe no compaſſion take,
Yet to reſpect me, for her owne ſweet ſake.

XXVI.

In midſt of Winter ſeaſon, as the Snow,
Whoſe milk-white mantle ouer-ſpreads the ground:
In part the colour of my *Loue* is ſo,
Yet their effects I haue contrary found:
For when the Sunne appeares, Snow melts anon,
But I melt alwaies when my Sunne is gone.

XXVII.

The ſweet content at firſt I ſeem'd to proue,
When yet Deſire vnfledg'd could ſcarcely flye,
Did make me thinke there was no life to Loue,
Till all too late *Time* taught the contrary.
For, like a Fly, I ſported with the flame,
Till, like a Foole, I periſh'd in the ſame.

XXVIII.

After darke night, the chearefull day appeareth;
After an ebbe, the riuer flowes againe;
After a ſtorme the cloudy heauen cleareth:
All labours haue their end, or eaſe of paine:
Each creature hath reliefe and reſt, ſaue I,
Who only dying liue, and liuing dye.

Some-

XXIX.

Sometimes I ſeeke for companie to ſport,
Whereby I might my penſiue thoughts beguile:
Sometimes againe I hide me from reſort,
And muſe alone; but yet alas the while,
In changing place, I cannot change my mind,
For whereſoere I flye, my ſelfe I finde.

XXX.

Faine would I ſpeak, but ſtraight my hart doth trẽble
And checks my tongue, that ſhould my griefes re-
And ſo I ſtriue my paſſion to diſſemble, (ueale,
Which all the Art I haue cannot conceale:
Thus ſtanding mute, my hart with longing ſterueth;
It grieues a man to aske what he deſerueth.

XXXI.

Since you deſire the caue of me to know,
For which theſe diuers paſſions I haue proued:
Looke in your Glaſſe, which will not faile to ſhow
The ſhaddowed portrait of my beſt beloued.
If that ſuffice not, looke into my heart,
Where it's ingrauen in a new-found Art.

XXXII.

The painefull Plow-man hath his hearts delight,
Who through his daily toyle his body tyreth:
Yet merrily comes whiſtling home at night,
And ſweetly takes the eaſe his paine requireth.
But neither dayes nor nights can yeeld me reſt,
Borne to be wretched, and to liue oppreſt.

XXXIII.

O well were it, if *Nature* would deuiſe,
That men with men together might ingender:
As Grafts from trees, one from another riſe,
Then nought of due to women ſhould we render:
But vaine conceit, that *Nature* ſhould doe this,
Since well we know, her ſelfe a Woman is.

XXXIIII.

Vpon the Altar where *Loues* fire burned;
My ſighs and teares for Sacrifice I offer'd:
When *Loue* in rage frō me his countenance turned,
And did reiect what I ſo humbly proffer'd.
If he my heart expect, alas, it's gone,
How can a man giue that is not his owne?

XXXV.

Alcilia ſaid, ſhe did not know my minde,
Becauſe my words did not declare my loue:
Thus where I merit moſt, leaſt helpe I finde,
And her vnkindneſſe all too late I proue.
Grant, *Loue*, that ſhe of whom thou art neglected,
May one day loue, and little be reſpected.

XXXVI.

The *Cynicke* being ask'd when he would loue, *Diogenes.*
Made anſwer, When he nothing had to doe:
For *Loue* was ſloath; but he did neuer proue
By his experience what belong'd thereto:
For had he taſted but as much as I,
He would haue ſoone reform'd his hereſie.

XXXVII.

O iudge me not, ſweet *Loue*, by outward ſhow,
Though ſometimes ſtrange I ſeeme, and to neglect
Yet didſt thou but my inward paſſions know, (thee:
Thou ſhouldſt perceiue how highly I reſpect thee.
"When looks are fix'd, the heart oft-times doth trem-
Little loues he, that cannot much diſſemble. (ble,

XXXVIII.

Parting from thee, euen from my ſelfe I part,
Thou art the Starre by which my life is guided:
I haue the body, but thou haſt the heart;
The better part is from it ſelfe diuided.
Thus doe I liue, and this doe I ſuſtaine,
Till gracious Fortune make vs meet againe.

XXXIX.

Open the ſluces of my feeble Eyes,
And let my teares haue paſſage from their fountain:
Fil all the earth with plaints, the aire with cries, (tain,
Which may pierce rocks, & reach the higheſt moun-
That ſo *Loues* wrath by theſe extremes appeaſed,
My griefes may ceaſe, and my poore heart be eaſed.

XL.

" After long ſickneſſe, health brings more delight;
" Seas ſeem more calm, by ſtorms once ouerblown;
" The day's more cheerefull by the paſſed night,
" Each thing is by his contrary beſt knowne;
" Continuall eaſe is paine; Change ſomtimes meeter;
" Diſcords in Muſicke, make the Muſicke ſweeter.

XLI.

Feare to offend, forbids my tongue to ſpeake,
And ſignes and ſighes muſt tell my inward woe:
But (aye the while) my heart with griefe doth break,
And ſhe by ſignes my ſorrowes will not know:
The ſtilleſt ſtreames we ſee in deepeſt foords;
And loue is greateſt, when it wanteth words.

XLII.

"No paine ſo great, but may be eas'd by Art,
"Thogh much we ſuffer, yet deſpair we ſhould not:
"In midſt of griefes Hope alwaies hath ſome part,
"And *Time* may heale what *Art* & *Reaſon* could not.
Oh what is then this paſſion I endure,
Which neither *Reaſon*, *Art*, nor time can cure?

XLIII.

"Pale *Iealouſie*, Fiend of eternall night,
"Miſſhapen creature, borne before thy time,
"The Impe of horror, foe to ſweet delight,
"Making each error ſeeme a haynous crime:
"Ah too great pitty (were there remedy)
"That euer *Loue* ſhould keepe thee company.

XLIIII.

The dayes are now come to their ſhorteſt date,
And muſt in time by courſe increaſe againe:
But onely I continue at one ſtate,
Void of all hope of helpe, or eaſe of paine:
For dayes of ioy muſt ſtill be ſhort with me,
And nights of ſorrow muſt prolonged be.

XLV.

Sleepe now, my Muſe, and henceforth take thy reſt,
Which all too long thy ſelfe in vaine haſt waſted:
Let it ſuffice, I ſtill muſt liue oppreſt,
And of my paine the fruit muſt ne'r be taſted.
"Then ſleepe, my Muſe: Fate cannot be withſtood,
"It's better ſleepe, then wake and doe no good.

XLVI.

Why ſhould I loue, ſince ſhe doth proue vngrateful?
Since for reward I reape nought but diſdaine?
Loue thus to be requited, it is hatefull,
And *Reaſon* would I ſhould not loue in vaine:
Yet all in vaine, when all is out of ſeaſon;
For *Loue* hath no ſocietie with *Reaſon*.

Hearts-

XLVII.

Hearts-eaſe and I haue beene at ods too long,
I follow faſt, but ſtill he flies from me:
I ſue for grace, and yet ſuſtaine the wrong,
So gladly would I reconciled be.
Loue, make vs one, ſo ſhalt thou worke a wonder,
Vniting them that were ſo farre aſunder.

XLVIII.

Vncouth, vnkiſt, our ancient * Poet ſaid: * Chaucer.
And he that hides his wants, when he hath need,
May after haue his want of wit bewraid,
And faile of his deſire when others ſpeede.
Then boldly ſpeake: the worſt is at firſt entring;
"Much good ſucceſſe men miſſe for lack of ventring.

XLIX.

Declare thy griefes wherewith thou art oppreſt,
And let the World be witneſſe of thy woes:
Let not thy thoughts lye buryed in thy breſt,
But let thy tongue thy diſcontents diſcloſe.
"For who conceales his paine when he is grieued,
"May well be pitied, but no way relieued.

Wretched

L.

Wretched is he, that louing, ſets his heart
On her, whoſe loue from pure affection ſwerueth;
Who doth permit each one to haue a part
Of that which none but he alone deſerueth.
Giue all or none: For once of this be ſure,
Lordſhip and *Loue* no partners may endure.

LI.

Who ſpends the weary day in penſiue thought,
And night in dreames of horror and affright:
*W*hoſe welth is want, whoſe hope is come to nought,
Himſelfe the marke for *Loue* and *Fortunes* ſpight:
Let him appeare, if any ſuch there bee,
His caſe and mine moſt fitly will agree.

LII.

Faire tree, but fruitleſſe, ſometimes full of ſap,
Which now yeelds nought at all that may delight
Some cruell froſt, or ſome vntimely hap (me:
Hath made thee barren, only to deſpite me:
Such Trees in vaine with hope doe feede deſire,
And ſerue for fuell to increaſe *Loues* fire.

LIII.

In company, while ſad and mute I ſit,
My thoughts elſe-where, then there I ſeeme to bee,
Poſſeſs'd with ſome deepe Melancholy fit,
One of my friends obſerues the ſame in me,
And ſayes in ieſt, (which I in earneſt proue)
Hee lookes like one that had loſt his firſt Loue.

LIIII.

Twixt *Hope* and *Feare* in doubtful ballance peazed,
My *Fate*, my *Fortune*, and my *Loue* depends:
Sometime my *Hope* is rais'd, when *Loue* is pleaſed.
Which *feare* weighs down, whē ought his wil offēds
The *beau'ns* are ſomtimes clear, and ſomtimes lowre;
"And he that loues, muſt taſt both ſweet and ſowre.

LV.

Retyre, my wandring thoughts, vnto your reſt,
Doe not henceforth conſume your ſelues in vaine:
No mortall man in all points can be bleſt,
What now is mine, may be anothers paine.
The watry Clouds are cleere, when ſtormes are paſt,
And things in their extremes long cannot laſt.

LVI.

The fire of Loue is firſt bred in the eye,
And thence conueyes his heate vnto the heart;
Where it lyes hid, till Time his force deſcry;
The tongue thereto ads fuell for his part:
The touch of lips, which doth ſucceed the ſame,
Kindles the reſt, and ſo it proues a flame.

LVII.

The tender ſprigs that ſprowted in the Field,
And promis'd hope of fruit to him that planted,
In ſtead of fruit, doth nought but bloſſomes yeeld,
Though care and paine to prune it neuer wanted:
Euen ſo my hopes doe nought but bloſſomes proue,
And yeeld no fruites to recompence my loue.

LVIII.

Though little ſigne of loue in ſhow appeare,
Yet thinke true loue of colours hath no need:
It's not the glorious garments which men weare,
That make them others then they are indeed.
"In meaneſt ſhow the moſt affection dwels,
And richeſt Pearles are found in ſimpleſt ſhels.

Let

LIX.

Let not thy tongue thy inward thoughts diſcloſe,
Or tell the ſorrowes that thy heart endures:
Let no mans eare be witneſſe of thy woes,
Since pitty neither helpe nor eaſe procures.
And onely he is truly ſaid to mone,
Whoſe griefes none knoweth, but himſelfe alone.

LX.

A thouſand times I curſe theſe idle Rimes,
Which doe their Makers follies vaine ſet forth,
Yet bleſſe I them againe as many times,
For that in them I blaze *Alcilia's* worth.
Meane while I fare as doth the Torch by night,
Which waſtes it ſelfe in giuing others light.

LXI.

Enough of this: for all is nought regarded,
And ſhe not once with my complaints is moued:
Dye, hapleſſe *Loue*, ſince thou art not rewarded;
Yet ere thou dye, to witneſſe that I loued,
Report my truth, and tell the Faire vnkinde,
That ſhe hath loſt, what none but ſhe ſhall finde.

LXII.

Louers, lament, you that haue truely loued;
For *Philoparthen* now hath loſt his Loue:
The greateſt loſſe that euer Louer proued;
O let his hard hap ſome compaſſion moue:
Who had not rued the loſſe of her ſo much,
But that he knowes the world yeelds no more ſuch.

LXIII.

Vpon the Ocean of conceited error,
My weary ſpirits many ſtormes haue paſt,
Which now in harbour, free from wonted terror,
Ioy the poſſeſſion of their reſt at laſt:
And henceforth ſafely they may lye at Road,
And neuer roue for Had-I-wiſt abroad.

Loues Accuſation at the Iudgement-ſeat of *Reaſon*: wherein the Authors whole *ſucceſſe in his Loue is couertly* deſcribed.

IN Reaſons *Court, my ſelfe being Plaintiffe there,*
Loue *was by Proceſſe ſummon'd to appeare:*
That ſo the wrong which he had done to me,
Might be made knowne, and all the world might ſee,
And ſeeing, rue, what to my coſt I proued,
While faithfull, but vnfortunate, I loued.
After I had obtained audience,
I thus began to giue in Euidence.

The Authors Euidence againſt *Loue*.

MOſt ſacred Queene, and Soueraigne of mans heart,
Which of the mind doſt rule the better part:
Firſt bred in Heauen, & from thence hither ſent,
To guide mens actions by thy regiment;

Vouchſafe a while to heare the ſad complaint
Of him that Loue hath long kept in reſtraint:
And as to you it properly belongs,
Grant Iuſtice of my vndeſerued wrongs.
It's now two yeeres, as I remember well,
Since firſt this wretch, ſent from the nether hell,
To plague the world with new-found cruelties,
Vnder the ſhaddow of two Chryſtall eyes,
Betray'd my ſence; and as I ſlumbring lay,
Felloniouſly conuey'd my heart away,
Which moſt vniuſtly he detain'd from me,
And exercis'd thereon ſtrange tyranny.
Sometime his manner was to ſport and game,
With Bry'rs & Thorns to raze & prick the ſame;
Sometime with Nettles of deſire to ſting it;
Sometimes with Pinſons of deſpaire to wring it:
Sometimes againe he would anoynt the ſore,
And heale the place that he had hurt before:
But hurtfull helps, and miniſtred in vaine,
Which ſerued only to renue my paine:
For after that more wounds he added ſtill,
Which pierced deepe, but had no power to kill:
Vnhappy med'cine, which in ſtead of cure,
Giues ſtrength to make the Patient more indure!

But that which was moſt ſtrange of all the reſt,
My ſelfe being thus 'twixt life and death diſtreſt,
Oft-times, when as my paine exceeded meaſure,
He would perſwade me that the ſame was pleaſure;
My ſolemne ſadneſſe, but contentment meet;
My trauell, reſt; and all my ſower, ſweet;
My wounds, but gentle ſtrokes: whereat he ſmil'd,
And by theſe ſleights my careleſſe youth beguil'd.
Thus did I fare, as one that liuing dy'd;
(For greater paines, I thinke, hath no man try'd,)
Diſquiet thoughts, like Furies in my breſt,
Nouriſh'd the poyſon that my ſpirit poſſeſt.
Now griefe, then ioy, now warre, then peace vnſtable:
Nought ſure I had, but to be miſerable.
I cannot vtter all (I muſt confeſſe,)
Men may conceiue more then they can expreſſe.
But to be ſhort, which cannot be excus'd,
With vaine illuſions Loue my hope abui'd,
Perſwading me I ſtood vpon firme ground,
When vnawares my ſelfe on ſands I found.
This is the point which moſt I doe inforce,
That Loue without all pitty or remorſe,
Did ſuffer me to languiſh ſtill in griefe,
Void of contentment, ſuccour or reliefe:

And when I look'd my paines ſhould be rewarded,
I did perceiue that they were nought regarded:
For why, alas, theſe hapleſſe eyes did ſee,
Alcilia *lou'd another more then mee:*
So in the end, when I expected moſt,
My Hope, my Loue, and Fortune thus were croſt.
Proceeding further, Reaſon *bade me ſtay;*
For the Defendant had ſomething to ſay.
Then to the Iudge for Iuſtice lowd I cride,
And ſo I pauſed; and Loue *thus replide:*

Loues Reply to the Author.

SInce Reaſon *ought to lend indifferent eares*
Vnto both parts, and iudge as truth appeares;
My gracious Lady, giue me leaue to ſpeake,
And anſwer his complaint, that ſeekes to wreake
His ſpight and malice on me without cauſe,
In charging me to haue tranſgreſt thy Lawes.
Of all his follies he imputes the blame
To me, poore Loue, *which nought deſerue the ſame:*
Himſelfe it is, that hath abuſed mee,
As by mine Anſwer ſhall well proued bee.
Fond Youth, thou know'ſt what I for thee effected,

(*Though*

(Though now I finde it little be reſpected)
I purg'd thy wit, which was before but groſſe,
The mettle pure I ſeuer'd from the droſſe,
And did inſpire thee with my ſweeteſt fire,
That kindled in thee courage and deſire:
Not like vnto thoſe ſeruile paßions,
Which cumber mens imaginations
With auarice, ambition and vaine-glory,
Deſire of things fleeting and tranſitory:
No baſe conceit, but ſuch as powers aboue
Haue knowne and felt, I meane, th'inſtinct of Loue:
Which, making men all earthly things deſpiſe,
Tranſports them to a heauenly Paradiſe.
Where thou complainſt of ſorrow in thy heart;
Who liues on earth, but therein hath his part?
Are theſe thy fruits? Are theſe the beſt regards,
For all the pleaſing glances, ſlye rewards,
The ſweet-ſtolne kiſſes, amorous conceits;
So many ſmiles, ſo many faire intreats,
Such kindneſſe as Alcilia did beſtow,
All for my ſake, as well thy ſelfe doſt know?
That Loue ſhould thus be vſed, it is hatefull:
But all is loſt that's done for one vngratefull.
Where he alledgeth that he was abus'd,

In that he truly louing, was refus'd:
That's moſt vntrue, and plainly may be tride:
Who neuer ask'd, could neuer be denide.
But he affected rather ſingle life,
Then yoke in Marriage, matching with a Wife.
And moſt men now make loue to none but Heyres;
Poore loue (God wot) that pouerty impaires:
Worldly reſpects Loue *little doth regard;*
Who loues, hath only Loue for his reward.
He meriteth a Louers name indeed,
That caſts no doubts which vaine ſuſpition breed,
But deſperately at hazzard throwes the Dice,
Neglecting due regard of friends aduice;
That wreſtles with his Fortune and his Fate,
Which had ordain'd to better his eſtate;
That hath no care of wealth, no feare of lacke,
But ventures forward, though he ſee his wracke;
That with Hopes wings, like Icarus, *doth flye,*
Though for his raſhneſſe he like fortune try;
That to his fame the world of him may tell,
How while he ſoar'd aloft, adowne he fell.
And ſo true Loue *awarded him this doome,*
In ſcaling Heauen, to haue the Sea his Tombe:
That making ſhipwracke of his deareſt fame,

Betrayes

Betrayes himſelfe to pouerty and ſhame;
That hath no ſenſe of ſorrow, or repent;
No dread of perils farre or imminent,
But doth preferre before all pompe or pelfe,
The ſweet of Loue, as dearer then himſelfe:
Who, were his paſſage ſtopt with ſword or fire,
Would make way through to compaße his deſire.
For which he would (though heauen and earth forbade it)
Hazzard to loſe a Kingdome, if he had it.
Theſe be the things wherein I glory moſt,
Whereof this mine accuſer cannot boaſt:
Who was indifferent in his loſſe or gaine,
And better pleas'd to faile, than to obtaine.
All qualifide affection Loue *doth hate,*
And likes him beſt, that's moſt intemperate.
But hence proceeds his malice and deſpight,
While he himſelfe barres of his owne delight:
For when as he Alcilia *firſt affected,*
Like one in ſhew that little Loue reſpected,
He maſqu'd diſguiſ'd, and entertain'd his thought,
With hope of that which he in ſecret ſought,
And ſtill forbare to vtter his deſire,
Till his delay receiu'd her worthy hire.
And well we know, what Maids themſelues would haue,

Men muſt ſue for, and by petitions craue.
But he, regarding more his wealth then will,
Had little care his fancy to fulfill.
Yet when he ſaw Alcilia *lou'd another,*
The ſecret fire which in his breſt did ſmother,
Began to ſmoke, and ſoone had prou'd a flame,
If Temperance *had not allaide the ſame:*
Which afterward ſo quench'd, he did not finde,
But that ſome ſparke remained ſtill behinde.
Thus when time ſeru'd, he did refuſe to craue it,
And yet enuy'd another man ſhould haue it.
As though faire Maids ſhould wait at yong mens pleaſure,
While they twixt ſport and earneſt loue at leaſure.
Nay at the firſt, when it is kindly proffer'd,
Maids muſt accept, leſt twice it be not offer'd:
Elſe, though their beauty ſeeme their good t'importune,
Yet may they loſe the better of their fortune.
Thus as this fondling coldly went about it,
So in the end he clearely went without it:
For while he doubtfull ſeem'd to make a ſtay,
A Mungrell ſtole the Maidens heart away;
For which though he lamented much in ſhow,
Yet was he inward glad it fell out ſo.
Now, Reaſon, *you may plainely iudge by this,*

Not I, but he the falſe diſſembler is:
Who while fond loue his luke-warme blood did feed,
Made ſigne of more then he ſuſtain'd indeed,
And fill'd his Rimes with fables and with lyes,
Which without paſſion he did oft deuiſe:
So to delude the ignorance of ſuch
That pittied him, thinking he lou'd too much.
And with conceit rather to ſhew his wit,
Than manifeſt his faithfull loue by it.
Much more then this could I lay to his charge,
But time would faile to open all at large.
Let this ſuffice to ſhew his bad intent,
And proue that Loue *is pure and innocent.*
Thus at the length (though late) he made an end,
And both of vs did earneſtly attend
The finall Iudgement Reaſon *ſhould award;*
When thus he 'gan to ſpeake: With due regard
The matter hath beene heard on either ſide,
For Iudgement you muſt longer time abide:
The cauſe is waighty, and of great import.
And ſo ſhe ſmiling, did adiourne the Court.
Little auail'd it then to argue more:
So I return'd in worſe caſe than before.

Loue decyphered.

LOVE and I are now diuided,
Conceit by error was miſguided.
Alcilia hath my loue deſpiſed,
No man loues that is aduiſed.
Time at length hath Truth directed,
Loue hath miſs'd what he expected:
Yet miſſing that which long he ſought,
I haue found that I little thought.
Errors in time may be redreſt;
"The ſhorteſt follies are the beſt.

Loue and *Youth* are now aſunder,
Reaſon's glory, *Nature*'s wonder:
My thoughts long bound, are now inlarg'd,
My follies penance is diſcharg'd.
Thus *Time* hath altred my eſtate;
Repentance neuer comes too late.
Ah, well I finde, that *Loue* is nought
But folly, and an idle thought:
The difference is twixt *Loue* and mee,
That *Loue* is blinde, and I can ſee.

Loue is honie mixt with gall;
A thraldome free, a freedome thrall;
A bitter ſweet, a pleaſant ſowre;
Got in a yeere, loſt in an houre.
A peacefull warre, a warlike peace,
Whoſe wealth brings want; whoſe want, increaſe;
Full long purſuit, and little gaine;
Vncertaine pleaſure, certaine paine:
Regard of neither right nor wrong;
For ſhort delights, repentance long.

Loue is a ſickneſſe of the thought,
Conceit of pleaſure dearely bought;
A reſtleſſe paſſion of the minde;
A Labyrinth of errors blinde;
A ſugred poiſon, faire deceit;
A baite for fooles, a furious heate;
A chilling cold; a wondrous paſſion,
Exceeding mans imagination:
Which none can tell in whole nor part,
But onely he that feeles the ſmart.

ALCESTA.

Loue is ſorrow mixt with gladneſſe,
Feare with hope, and hope with madneſſe.
Long did I loue, but all in vaine:
I louing, was not lou'd againe;
For which my heart ſuſtain'd ſuch woe:
It fits not Maids to vſe men ſo.
Iuſt deſerts are not regarded,
Neuer loue ſo ill rewarded:
But all is loſt, that is not ſought,
Oft wit proues beſt that's deareſt bought.

Women were made for mens reliefe,
To comfort, not to cauſe their griefe.
Where moſt I merit, leaſt I finde.
No maruell, ſince that *Loue* is blinde.
Had ſhe bin kind, as ſhe was faire,
My caſe had beene more ſtrange and rare:
But women loue not by deſart,
Reaſon in them hath weakeſt part.
Then hence-forth let them loue that liſt,
I will beware of Had-I-wiſt.

Theſe faults had better beene conceal'd,
Then to my ſhame abroad reueal'd:
Yet though my youth did thus miſcarry,
My harms may make others more wary.
Loue is but a youthfull fit;
And ſome men ſay it's ſigne of wit;
But he that loues as I haue done,
To paſſe the day, and ſee no Sunne,
Muſt change his note, and ſing *Errani*,
Or elſe may chance to cry *Peccani*.

The longeſt day muſt haue his night,
Reaſon triumphs in *Loues* deſpight,
I follow now *Diſcretions* lore,
Henceforth to like, but loue no more.
Then gently pardon what is paſt,
For *Loue* drawes onward to his laſt.
He walkes (they ſay) with wary eye;
Whoſe foot-ſteps neuer tread awry.
My Muſe a better worke intends,
And heere my *Louing-folly* ends.

After long ſtormes and tempeſts paſt,
I ſee the Hauen at the laſt,
Where I muſt reſt my weary Barke,
And there vnlade my care and carke:
My paines and trauels long endur'd,
And all my wounds muſt there be cur'd:
Ioyes out of date ſhall be renew'd,
To thinke of perils paſt eſchew'd:
When I ſhall ſit full blithe and lolly,
And talke of Louers and their folly.

Then *Loue* and *Folly* both adieu,
Long haue I beene miſled by you:
Folly may new aduentures trye,
But *Reaſon* ſayes that *Loue* muſt dye:
Yea, dye indeed, although it grieue him,
For my cold heart cannot relieue him:
Yet for her ſake, whom once I lou'd,
(Though all in vain, as *Time* hath proued)
Ile take the paines (if ſhe conſent)
To write his Will and Teſtament.

Loues last VVill and Testament.

MY spirit I bequeath vnto the ayre;
My body shall vnto the Earth repayre;
My burning brond vnto the Prince of hell,
T'increase mens paines that there in darknesse dwell:
For well I weene, aboue nor vnder ground,
A greater paine then that may not be found:
My sweet conceits of pleasure and delight,
To Erebus, and to eternall night:
My sighes, my teares, my passions and laments,
Distrust, despaire, all these my bourely rents,
With other plagues that Louers minds inthrall,
Vnto Obliuion I bequeath them all:
My broken Bow and Shafts I giue to Reason;
My cruelties, my sleights, and forged treason,
To women-kinde, and to their seed for aye,
To wreake their spight, and worke poore mens decay;
Reseruing onely for Alcilia's part,
Small kindnesse, and lesse care of Louers smart:
For she is from the vulgar sort excepted;
And had she Philoparthens loue respected,

Requiting it with like affection,
She might haue had the praiſe of all perfection.
This done; if I haue any faith or troth,
To Philoparthen *I aſsigne them both;*
For vnto him of right they doe belong,
Who truely louing, ſuffred too much wrong.
Time ſhall be ſole Executor of my Will,
VVho may theſe things in order due fulfill.
To warrant this my Teſtament for good,
I haue ſubſcrib'd it with my dying blood.

And ſo he dy'd that all this bale had bred,
And yet my heart miſdoubts he is not dead:
For ſure I feare, ſhould I *Alcilia* ſpie,
She might eftſoones reuiue him with her eye.
Such power diuine remaineth in her ſight,
To make him liue againe in Deaths deſpight.

The

The Sonnets following were written by the Author, after he began to decline from his paſſionate affection, and in them he ſeemeth to pleaſe himſelfe with deſcribing the vanity of LOVE, the frailety of Beautie, and the ſowre fruits of Repentance.

I.

NOw haue I ſpun the web of mine owne woes,
And labour'd long to purchaſe my own loſſe:
To late I ſee, I was beguil'd with ſhowes,
And that which once ſeem'd gold, now proues but droſſe.
Thus am I both of helpe and hope bereaued,
He neuer tride, that neuer was deceiued.

II.

Once did I loue, but more then once repent,
Whē vintage came, my grapes were ſowre or rotten:
Long time in griefe and penſiue thoughts I ſpent,
And all for that which time had made forgotten.
O ſtrange effects of time, which once being loſt,
Makes men ſecure of that they loued moſt.

III.

Thus haue I long ith' ayre of error houer'd,
And run my Ship vpon Repentance shelfe;
Truth hath the vale of Ignorance vncouer'd,
And made me see, and seeing, know my selfe.
Of former follies now I must repent,
And count this worke part of my time ill spent.

IIII.

"What thing is *Loue*? A Tyrant of the mind,
"Begot by heate of youth, brought vp forth sloth;
"Nurst with vain thoghts, & changing as the wind;
"A deepe dissembler, voyd of faith and troth:
"Fraught with fond errors, doubts, despite, disdaine,
"And all the Plagues that earth and hell containe.

V.

Like to a man that wanders all the day
Through waies vnknown, to seeke a thing of worth;
And at the night sees he hath gone astray:
As neere his end as when he first set forth;
Such is my case, whose hope vntimely croste,
After long errors proues my labour lost.

Fail'd

VI.

Fail'd of that hap, whereto my hope aſpired,
Depriu'd of that which might haue been mine own,
Another now muſt haue that I deſired,
And things too late by their euents are knowne:
Thus doe we wiſh for that cannot be got,
And when it may, then we regard it not.

VII.

Ingratefull *Loue*, ſince thou haſt plaid thy part,
Enthralling him whom *Time* hath ſince made free,
It reſts for me to vſe both Wit and Art,
That of my wrongs I may reuenged be:
And in thoſe eyes where firſt thou took'ſt thy fire,
Thy ſelfe ſhalt periſh through my cold deſire.

VIII.

Grieue not thy ſelfe for that cannot be had;
And things once cureleſſe, let them careleſſe reſt:
Blame not thy fortune, though thou deeme it bad,
What's paſt and gone, can neuer be redreſt.
"The onely helpe for that cannot be gained,
"Is to forget, it might haue beene obtained.

How

IX.

How happy once did I my ſelfe eſteeme,
While *Loue* with hope my fond deſire did cheriſh?
My ſtate as bliſſefull as a King did ſeeme:
Had I beene ſure my Ioyes ſhould neuer periſh.
The thoughts of men are fed with expectation,
" Pleaſures themſelues are but imagination.

X.

Why ſhould we hope for that which is to come,
Where the euent is doubtfull and vnknowne?
Such fond preſumptions ſoone receiue their doome,
When things expected we count as our owne.
Whoſe iſſue oft-times in the end proues nought
But hope, a ſhaddow, and an idle thought.

XI.

In vaine doe we complaine our life is ſhort,
Which well diſpos'd, great matters might effect:
While we our ſelues, in toyes and idle ſport,
Conſume the better part, without reſpect:
And careleſſe, as though time ſhould neuer end it,
Twixt ſleepe and waking prodigally ſpend it.

Youth-

XII.

Youthfull deſire is like the Summer ſeaſon,
That laſts not long, for Winter muſt ſucceed:
And ſo our paſſions muſt giue place to *Reaſon*,
And riper yeeres more ripe effects muſt breed.
Of all the ſeed youth ſowed in vaine deſires,
I reaped nought but thiſtles, thornes and bryers.

XIII.

To erre, and doe amiſſe, is giuen to men by kinde:
Who walkes ſo ſure, but ſometimes treads awry?
But to continue ſtill in errors blinde,
A bad and beſtiall nature doth deſcry.
Who proues not, failes not, & brings nought to end;
Who proues and failes, may afterward amend.

XIIII.

There was but one, and (doubtleſſe) ſhe the beſt,
Whom I did more then all the world eſteeme:
She hauing fail'd, I diſauow the reſt:
For now I finde things are not as they ſeeme.
" Default of that wherein our will is croſt,
" Oft-times vnto our good auaileth moſt.

XV.

I fare like him, who now, his Land-hope ſpent,
By vnknowne Seas ſailes to the Indian ſhore,
Returning thence no richer then he went,
Yet cannot much his fortune blame therefore,
Since who ſo venters forth vpon the Maine,
Makes a good Mart, if he returne againe.

XVI.

Louers conceits are like a flattring Glaſſe,
That makes the lookers fairer then they are:
Who, pleas'd in their deceit, contented paſſe:
Such one was mine, who thought there was none (faire,
None witty, modeſt, vertuous, but ſhe.
Yet now I finde the Glaſſe abuſed me.

XVII.

Adieu, fond *Loue*, the Mother of all error,
Repleate with hope and feare, with ioy and paine:
Falſe fire of Fancie, full of care and terror,
Shaddow of pleaſures, fleeting, ſhort, and vaine:
Dye, loathed *Loue*, receiue thy lateſt doome,
Night be thy Graue, *Oblivion* be thy Tombe.

Who

XVIII.

Who-ſo would be rapt vp into the heauens,
To ſee a world of ſtrange imaginations;
Who careleſſe would leaue all at ſix and ſeuen,
To wander in a Labyrinth of paſſions;
Who would at once all kinds of folly proue,
When he hath nought to doe, then let him loue.

XIX.

"What thing is *Beauty*, *Natures* deareſt Minion?
"The ſnare of youth; like the inconſtant Moone,
"Waxing and waning; error of opinion;
"A mornings Flowre, that withereth ere noone;
"A ſwelling Fruit, no ſooner ripe then rotten,
"Which ſickneſſe makes forlorne, & time forgotten.

XX.

The Spring of youth, which now is in his prime,
Winter of age with hoary froſts ſhall nip:
Beautie ſhall then be made the prey of *Time*,
And ſowre remorce deceitfull pleaſures whip.
Then henceforth let *Diſcretion* rule *Deſire*,
And *Reaſon* quench the flame of *Cupids* fire.

XXI.

O what a life was that ſometime I led,
When *Loue* with paſſions did my peace incumber:
While like a man neither aliue nor dead,
I was rapt from my ſelfe as one in ſlumber?
Whoſe idle ſenſes, charm'd with fond illuſion,
Did nouriſh that which bred their owne confuſion.

XXII.

The childe for euer after dreads the fire,
That once therewith by chance his finger burned:
Water of *Tyme*, diſtill'd, doth coole deſire:
And farre he ran, they ſay, that neuer turned.
After long ſtormes, I ſee the Port at laſt:
Folly, farewell, for now my loue is paſt.

XXIII.

Baſe ſeruile thoughts of men too much dieected,
That ſeek, & crouch, and kneele for womens grace;
Of whom your paine and ſeruice is neglected,
Your ſelues deſpis'd, Riuals before your face:
The more you ſue, the leſſe you ſhall obtaine,
The leſſe you win, the more ſhall be your gaine.

XXIIII.

In looking backe vnto my follies paſt,
While I the preſent with times paſt compare:
And thinke how many houres I then did waſt,
Painting on clouds, and building in the ayre:
I ſigh within my ſelfe, and ſay in ſadnes, (madnes.
This thing, which fooles call *Loue*, is nought but

XXV.

"The things we haue, we moſt of all neglect;
"And that we haue not, greedily we craue;
"The things we may haue, little we reſpect;
"And ſtill we couet that we cannot haue:
"Yet howſoe're in our conceits we prize them,
"No ſooner gotten, but we ſtraight deſpiſe them.

XXVI.

Who ſeates his loue vpon a womans will,
And thinkes thereon to build an happy ſtate,
Shall be deceiu'd, when leaſt he thinks of ill,
And rue his folly when it is too late.
He plowes on ſand, and ſowes vpon the winde,
That hopes for conſtant loue in women-kinde.

XXVII.

I will no longer ſpend my time in toyes,
Seeing *Loue* is error, folly, and offence:
An idle fit for fond and retchleſſe Boyes,
Or elſe for men depriu'd of common ſence:
'Twixt *Lunacie* and *Loue* theſe odds appeare,
Th'one makes fooles monthly, th'other all the yeere.

XXVIII.

While ſeaſon ſeru'd to ſowe, my plough lay ſtill;
My Grafts vnſet, when others trees did bloome;
I ſpent the *Spring* in ſloth, and ſlept my fill:
But neuer thought of *Winters* cold to come,
Till *Spring* was ſpent, and *Summer* welnigh gone;
Then I awak'd, and ſaw my *Harueſt* none.

XXIX.

Now *Loue* ſits all alone in blacke attire,
His broken Bow and Arrow's lying by him;
His fire extinct, that whilome fed deſire,
Himſelfe the ſcorne of Louers that paſſe by him:
Who this day freely may diſport and play,
For it is *Philoparthens* Holy-day.

Nay,

XXX.

Nay, thinke not, *Loue*, with all thy cunning ſlight,
To catch me once againe: thou com'ſt too late:
Sterne Induſtry puts Idleneſſe to flight,
And *Time* hath changed both my name and ſtate:
Then ſeeke elſe-where for Mates that may befriend
For I am buſie, and cannot attend thee. (thee;

XXXI.

Looſe Idleneſſe, the nurſe of fond Deſire;
Roote of all ills that doe our youth betide;
That whilome didſt through *Loue* my wracke con-
I baniſh thee, and rather wiſh t'abide (ſpire,
All auſtere hardneſſe, and continuall paine,
Then to reuoke thee, or to loue againe.

XXXII.

The time will come, when looking in a Glaſſe,
Thy riueled face with ſorrow thou ſhalt ſee:
And ſighing, ſay, It is not as it was;
Theſe cheeks were wont more faire and freſh to be:
But now vvhat onee made me ſo much admired,
Is leaſt regarded, and of none deſired.

Though

XXXIII.

Though thou be faire, thinke Beauty is a blaſt,
A mornings dewe, a ſhaddow quickly gone;
A painted flowre, whoſe colour will not laſt:
Time ſteales away, when leaſt we thinke thereon;
Moſt precious *Time*, too waſtfully expended;
Of which alone the ſparing is commended.

XXXIIII.

How vaine is Youth, that croſs'd in his deſire,
Doth fret and fume, and inwardly repine,
As though 'gainſt heauen it ſelfe he would conſpire,
And with his frailety 'gainſt his Fate combine:
Who of it ſelfe continues conſtant ſtill,
And doth vs good oft-times againſt our will.

XXXV.

In prime of youth, when yeeres and wit was ripe,
Vnhappy Will to ruine led the way:
Wit daunc'd about, when Folly gan to pipe,
And will and he together went aſtray.
Nought then but pleaſure was the good they ſought,
Which now Repentance proues too dearely bought.

XXXVI.

He that in matters of delight and pleaſure,
Can bridle his outragious affection,
And temper it in ſome indifferent meaſure,
Doth proue himſelfe a man of good diſcretion.
In conquering Will, true courage moſt is ſhowne,
And ſweet temptations make mens vertues known.

XXXVII.

Each naturall thing by courſe of kind we ſee,
In his perfection long continueth not:
Fruits once full ripe, will then fall from the Tree,
Or in due time not gathered, ſoone will rot.
It is decree'd by doome of powers diuine,
Things at their height muſt thence againe decline.

XXXVIII.

Thy large ſmooth forhead wrinckled ſhall appeare,
Virmilion hue, to pale and wan ſhall turne;
Time ſhal deface what Youth hath held moſt deare;
Yea thoſe cleare eies, which once my heart did burn,
Shall in their hollow circles lodge the night,
And yeeld more cauſe of terror then delight.

XXXIX.

Loe here the record of my follies past,
The fruits of wit vnstaid, and houres misspent:
Full wise is he that perils can fore-cast,
And so by others harmes his owne preuent.
All worldly pleasure that delights the sense,
Is but a short sleepe, and times vaine expence,

XL.

The Sunne hath twice his annuall course performed,
Since first vnhappy I began to loue:
Whose errors now by Reasons rule reform'd,
Conceits of Loue but smoake and errors proue.
Who of his folly seekes more praise to winne,
Where I haue made an end, let him beginne.

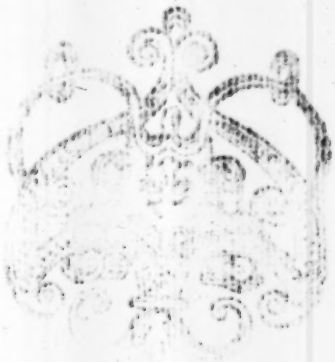
F. C.

FINIS.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF *Pigmalions* Image.



LONDON:
Printed for *Richard Hawkins*, dwelling in Chancery-Lane,
neere Serieants-Inne. 1628.



TO THE VVORLDS MIGHTY MONARCH, GOOD OPINION:

Sole Regent of Affection, perpetuall *Ruler of iudgement, moſt famous Iuſtice of Cenſures,* only giuer of Honour, great procurer of Aduancement, the Worlds chiefe Ballance, the All of all, and *All in all, by whom all things are that that they* are, I humbly offer this my Poem.

THou ſoule of Pleaſure, Honours onely ſubſtance,
Great Arbitrator, Vmpire of the Earth,
Whom fleſhly Epicures call Vertues eſſence;
Thou mouing Orator, whoſe powerfull breath
Swaies all mens iudgements; Great OPINION,
Vouchſafe to gild my imperfection.

TO GOOD OPINION.

If thou be daine to grace my bluſhing ſtile,
And crowne my Muſe with good opinion:
If thou vouchſafe with gracious eye to ſmile
Upon my yong new-borne Inuention,
Ile ſing an Hymne in honour of thy name,
And adde ſome Trophie to enlarge thy fame.

But if thou wilt not with thy Deitie,
Shade and inmaske the errours of my Pen,
Protect an Orphane Poets infancy,
I will diſcloſe, that all the world ſhall ken
How partiall thou art in honours giuing,
Crowning the ſhade, the ſubſtance praiſe depriuing.

W. K.

THE ARGVMENT of the Poeme.

PIgmalion, whoſe chaſte minde all the beauties in *Cyprus* could not inſnare, yet at the length having carued in Iuory an excellent proportion of a beauteous woman, was ſo deeply enamoured on his owne workmanſhip, that he would oftentimes lay the Image in bed with him, and fondly vſe ſuch petitions and dallyance, as if it had beene a breathing creature. But in the end, finding his fond dotage, and yet perſeuering in his ardent affection, made his deuout prayer to *Venus*, that ſhee would vouchſafe to inſpire life into his Loue, and then ioyne them both together in marriage. Whereupon *Venus* graciouſly condiſcending to his earneſt ſuite, the Maid (by power of her Deitie) was metamorphoſed into a liuing woman. And after, *Pigmalion* (being in *Cyprus*) begate a Sonne of her, which was called *Paphus*: whereupon, that Iland *Cyprus*, in honour of *Venus*, was after, and is now, called by the Inhabitants, *Paphos*.

To

To his *Mistris.*

MY wanton Muse lasciuiously doth sing
Of sportiue loue, of louely dallying.
O beautious Angell, daine thou to infuse
A sprightfull wit into my dulled Muse:
I inuocate no other Saint but thee,
To grace the first bloomes of my Poesie.
Thy fauours, like Promethean *sacred fire,*
In dead and dull conceit can life inspire;
Or, like that rare and rich Elixar stone,
Can turne to Gold, Leaden inuention:
Be gracious then, and daine to shew in me,
The mighty power of thy Deitie;
And as thou read'st, (Faire) take compassion,
Force me not enuie my Pigmalion.
Then, when thy kindnesse grants me such sweet blisse,
Ile gladly write thy Metamorphosis.

PIGMA-

PIGMALION.

I.

PIgmalion, whoſe high Loue-hating mind,
Diſdain'd to yeeld ſeruile affection,
Or amorous ſuite to any woman-kind,
Knowing their wants, and mens perfection:
Yet *Loue* at length forc'd him to know his Fate,
And loue the ſhade, whoſe ſubſtance he did hate.

II.

For hauing wrought in pureſt Iuory,
So faire an Image of a womans feature,
That neuer yet proudeſt mortalitie
Could ſhew ſo rare and beauteous a Creature,
(Vnleſſe my Miſtris all exceeding face,
Which giues to beautie beauties onely grace.)

III.

He was amazed at the wondrous rareneſſe
Of his owne workmanſhips perfection:
He thought that *Nature* ne're produc'd ſuch fairnes,
In which all beauties haue their manſion.
And thus admiring, was enamoured
Of that faire Image himſelfe pourtrayed.

IIII.

And naked as it ſtood before his eyes,
Imperious *Loue* declares his Deitie:
O what alluring beauties he deſcries
In each part of his faire Imagerie!
Her nakedneſſe each beautious ſhape containes,
All beautie in her nakedneſſe remaines.

V.

He thoght he ſaw the blood run through the veyne,
And leape and ſwell, with all alluring meanes:
Then feares he is deceiu'd; and then againe
He thinkes he ſees the brightneſſe of the beames,
Which ſhoote from out the faireneſſe of her eye,
At which he ſtands as in an extaſie.

VI.

Her Amber-coloured fayre-ſhining hayre,
Makes him proteſt, the Sunne hath ſpred her head
With golden beames, and made her far more faire:
But when her cheeks his amorous thoughts had fed,
Then he exclaimes, Such red, and ſuch pure white,
Did neuer bleſſe the eye of mortall ſight.

VII.

Then view'd her lips: no lips did ſeeme ſo faire,
In his conceit, through which, he thinks, doth flye
So ſweet a breath, that doth perfume the ayre.
Then next her dimpled chin he doth deſcry,
And views, and wonders, and yet viewes her ſtill:
" Loues eyes in viewing neuer haue their fill.

VIII.

Her breſts like poliſh'd Iuory appeare,
Whoſe modeſt mount doe bleſſe admiring eye,
And makes him wiſh for ſuch a Pillow-beare.
Thus fond *Pigmalion* ſtriueth to deſcry
Each beauteous part, not letting ouer-ſlip
One parcell of his curious workmanſhip,

IX.

Vntill his eye deſcended ſo farre downe,
That it deſcryed *Loues* Pauilion;
Where *Cupid* doth enioy his louely crown,
And *Venus* hath her chiefeſt Manſion:
There would he winke, and winking, looke againe,
Both eyes and thoughts would gladly there remain.

X.

Who euer ſaw the ſubtle City Dame, (pray,
In ſacred Church, when her pure thoughts ſhould
Peere through her fingers, ſo to hide her ſhame,
When that her eye her mind would faine bewray:
So would he view, and winke, and view againe,
A chaſter thought could not his eyes retaine.

XI.

He wondred that ſhe bluſht not, when his eye
Saluted thoſe ſame parts of ſecrecie:
Conceiting not it was Imagery,
That kindly yeelded that large libertie.
Oh that my Miſtris were an Image too,
That I might blameleſſe her perfections view.

XII.

But when the faire proportion of her thigh
Beganne appeare: O *Ouid*, would he cry,
Did ere *Corinna* ſhew ſuch Iuorie,
When ſhe appear'd in *Venus* liuorie?
And thus enamoured, doates on his owne Art,
Which he did worke, to worke his pleaſing ſmart.

XIII.

And fondly doting, oft he kiſt her lip,
Oft would he dally with her Iuory breſts:
No wanton Loue-tricke would he ouerſlip,
But ſtill obſeru'd all amorous beheſts,
Whereby he thought he might procure the loue
Of his dull Image, which no plaints could moue.

XIIII.

Looke how the peeuiſh Papiſts crouch and kneele
To ſome dumbe Idoll with their offering,
As if a ſenſleſſe carued ſtone could feele
The ardor of his bootleſſe chattering:
So fond he was, and earneſt in his ſute
To his remorceleſſe Image, dumbe and mute.

XV.

He oft doth wiſh his ſoule might part aſunder,
So that one halfe in her had reſidence:
Oft he exclaimes, O beauties onely wonder,
Sweet modell of delight, faire excellence,
Be gracious vnto him that formed thee,
Compaſſionate his true Loues ardencie!

XVI.

Shee with her ſilence ſeemes to grant his ſuite:
Then he all iocund, like a wanton Louer,
With amorous imbracements doth ſalute
Her ſlender waiſt, preſuming to diſcouer
The vale of *Loue*, where *Cupid* doth delight
To ſport and dally all the ſable night.

XVII.

His eyes, her eyes, kindly encountered,
His breſt, her breſt, oft ioyned cloſe vnto,
His armes imbracements oft ſhe ſuffered:
Hands, armes, eies, tongue, lips & all parts did woo;
His thigh with hers, his knee plaid with her knee:
"A happy conſort, where all parts agree.

XVIII.

But when he ſaw, poore ſoule, he was deceiued,
(Yet ſcarce he could beleeue his ſenſe had failed,)
Yet when he found all hope from him bereaued,
And ſaw how fondly all his thoughts had erred,
Then did he, like to poore *Ixion*, ſeeme
That clipt a cloud in ſtead of heauens Queene.

XIX.

I oft haue ſmil'd to ſee the foolerie
Of ſome ſweet Youths, who ſeriouſly proteſt,
That *Loue* reſpects not actuall luxurie:
But onely ioyes to dally, ſport, and ieſt:
Loue is a child, contented with a toy:
A Buske-point, or ſome fauour ſtils the Boy.

XX.

Marke my *Pigmalion*, whoſe affections ardour
May be a mirror to poſteritie:
Yet viewing, touching, kiſſing (common fauour)
Could neuer ſatiate his loues ardencie:
And therfore (Ladies) thinke that they ne'r loue you,
Who doe not vnto more then kiſſing moue you.

XXI.

For my *Pigmalion* kiſt, view'd, and imbraced,
And yet exclaimes, Why were theſe Women made,
(O ſacred Gods) and with ſuch beauties graced?
Haue they not power as well to coole and ſhade,
As for to heat mens hearts? Or is there none?
Or are they all, like mine, relentleſſe ſtone?

XXII.

With that he takes her in his louing armes,
And downe within a Downe-bed ſoftly laid her:
Then on his knees he all his ſences charmes,
To inuocate ſweet *Venus* for to raiſe her
To wiſhed life, and to infuſe ſome breath
To that which dead, yet gaue a life to death.

XXIII.

Thou ſacred Queene of ſportiue dallying,
(Thus he begins) *Loues* onely Empreſſe,
Whoſe kingdome reſts in wanton reuelling,
Let me beſeech thee ſhew thy powerfulneſſe,
In changing ſtone to fleſh; make her relent,
And kindly yeeld to thy ſweet blandiſhment.

XXIIII.

O gracious gods, take compaſſion,
Inſtill into her ſome celeſtiall fire,
That ſhe may equalize affection,
And haue a mutuall Loue, and loues deſire.
Thou knowſt the force of loue, then pitty me,
Compaſſionate my true loues ardencie.

Thus

XXV.

Thus hauing ſaid, he riſeth from the floore,
As if his ſoule diuined him good fortune,
Hoping his prayers to pitty mou'd ſome Power;
For all his thoughts did all good lucke importune:
And therefore ſtraight he ſtrips him naked quite,
That in the Bed he might haue more delight.

XXVI.

Then thus, Sweet ſheets, he ſayes, which now doe (couer
The Idoll of my ſoule, the faireſt one
That euer lou'd, or had an amorous Louer,
Earths onely modell of perfection:
Sweet happy ſheets, daigne for to take me in,
That I my hopes and longing thoughts may win.

XXVII.

With that, his nimble limbes doe kiſſe the ſheets,
And now he bowes him for to lay him downe;
And now each part with her faire parts doe meet,
Now doth he hope for to enioy *Loues* crowne:
Now doe they dally, kiſſe, embrace together,
Like *Leda's* Twins at ſight of faireſt weather.

XXVIII.

Yet all's conceit: but ſhaddow of that bliſſe,
Which now my Muſe ſtriues ſweetly to diſplay
In this my wondrous Metamorphoſis.
Daine to beleeue me, now I ſadly ſay;
The ſtony ſubſtance of his Image feature,
Was ſtraight transform'd into a liuing Creature.

XXIX.

For when his hands her faire form'd limbs had felt,
And that his armes her naked waiſt embraced,
Each part like Wax before the Sunne did melt;
And now, oh now, he finds how he is graced
By his owne worke. Tut, women will relent,
When as they find ſuch mouing blandiſhment.

XXX.

Doe but conceiue a Mothers paſſing gladneſſe,
(After that Death her onely ſonne hath ſeazed,
And ouerwhelm'd her ſoule with endleſſe ſadneſſe)
When that ſhe ſees him gin for to be raiſed
From out his deadly ſound to life againe:
Such ioy *Pigmalion* feels in euery veyne.

And

XXXI.

And yet he feares he doth but dreaming finde
So rich content, and ſuch celeſtiall bliſſe:
Yet when he proues, and findes her wondrous kind,
Yeelding ſoft touch for touch, ſweet kiſſe for kiſſe,
Hee's well aſſur'd, no faire Imagerie
Could yeeld ſuch pleaſing loues felicitie.

XXXII.

O wonder not to heare me thus relate,
And ſay, to fleſh transformed was a ſtone;
Had I my Loue in ſuch a wiſhed ſtate
As was afforded to *Pigmalion*,
Though flinty hard, of her you ſoone ſhould ſee
As ſtrange a transformation wrought by mee.

XXXIII.

And now, me thinks, ſome wanton itching eare,
With luſtfull thoughts, and ill attention,
Liſts to my Muſe, expecting for to heare
The amorous deſcription of that action
Which *Venus* ſeeks, and euer doth require,
When fitneſſe grants a place to pleaſe deſire.

XXXIIII.

Let him conceit but what himſelfe would doe,
When that he had obtained ſuch a fauour
Of her to whom his thoughts were bound vnto,
If ſhe, in recompence of his loues labour,
Would daine to let one payre of ſheets containe
The willing bodies of thoſe louing twaine.

XXXV.

Could he, oh could he, when that each to eyther
Did yeeld kind kiſſing, and more kind imbracings;
Could he, when that they felt and clipt together,
And might enioy the life of dallying,
Could he abſtaine, midſt ſuch a wanton ſporting,
From doing that which is not fit reporting?

XXXVI.

What would he doe, when that her ſofteſt skinne
Saluted his with a delightfull kiſſe?
When all things fit for loues ſweet pleaſuring,
Inuited him to reape a Louers bliſſe?
What he would doe, the ſelfe-ſame action
Was not neglected by *Pigmalion*.

For

XXXVII.

For when he found that life had tooke his ſeate
Within the breſt of his kind beautious Loue,
When that he found that warmth and wiſhed heat,
Which might a Saint and coldeſt ſpirit moue,
Then armes, eyes, hands, tongue, lips, and wanton (thigh,
Were willing agents in Loues luxurie.

XXXVIII.

Who knowes not what enſues? O pardon me,
Ye gaping eares, that ſwallow vp my lines,
Expect no more. Peace, Idle Poeſie:
Be not obſceane, though wanton in thy rimes.
And chaſter thoughts, pardon, if I doe trip,
Or if ſome looſe lines from my pen doe ſlip.

XXXIX.

Let this ſuffice, that that ſame happy night,
So gracious were the Gods of Marriage,
Mid'ſt all their pleaſing and long-wiſht delight,
Paphus was got: of whom, in after Age,
Cyprus was *Paphos* call'd, and euer-more
Thoſe Ilanders doe *Venus* name adore.

FINIS.

The Author in praiſe of his *precedent Poem.*

NOw *Rufia*, by old *Glebrons* fearfeull Mace,
Hath not my Muſe deſeru'd a worthy place?
Come, come, *Luxurio*, crowne my head with Bayes,
Which like a Paphian, wantonly diſplayes
The Salaminion titilations,
Which tickle vp our lewd Pirapians.
Is not my Pen compleat? are not my lines
Right in the ſwaggering humour of theſe times?
O ſing, *Peana*, to my learned Muſe,
Io bis dicite. Wilt thou refuſe?
Doe not I put my Miſtreſſe in before?
And pittiouſly her gracious ayde implore?
Doe I not flatter, call her wondrous faire,
Vertuous, diuine, moſt debonaire?
Hath not my Goddeſſe in the vaunt-gard place,
The leading of my lines, their Plumes to grace?

And

The Author in praiſe of his precedent Poem.

And then enſue my Stanzaes, like odde bands
Of voluntaries and mercenarians;
Which like Soldadoes of our warlike Age,
March rich bedight in warlike equipage:
Glittring in dawbed lac'd accouſtrements,
And pleaſing ſutes of Loues habiliments;
Yet puffie as Dutch hoſe they are within;
Faint and white-liuer'd, as our Gallants bin:
Patch'd like a Beggers cloake, and runne as ſweet
As doth a Tumbrell in a paued ſtreet.
And in the end, (the end of Loue, I wot)
Pigmalion hath a iolly Boy begot.
So *Labeo* did complaine his Loue was ſtone,
Obdurate, flinty, ſo relentleſſe none:
Yet *Lynceus* knowes, that in the end of this,
He wrought as ſtrange a Metamorphoſis.
Ends not my Poem then ſurpaſſing ill?
Come, come, *Auguſtus*, crowne my laureat quill.

Now

The Author in praiſe of his former Poem.

Now by the whips of *Epigrammatiſts*,
Ile not be laſht for my diſſembling ſhifts,
And therefore I vſe Popelings diſcipline,
Lay ope my faults to *Maſtigophoros* eyne:
Cenſure my ſelfe, 'fore others me deride
And ſcoffe at me, as if I had denide,
Or thought my Poem good, when that I ſee,
My lines are froth, my Stanzaes ſapleſſe bee.
Thus hauing rail'd againſt my ſelfe awhile,
Ile ſnarle at thoſe which doe the world beguile
With masked ſhowes. Ye changing *Proteans*, liſt,
And tremble at a barking Satyriſt.

FINIS.

THE LOVE OF AMOS AND *LAVRA.*

Written by S. P.



LONDON:
Printed for *Richard Hawkins*, dwelling in Chancery-Lane, neere Sarjeants-Inne. 1628.

THE AVTHOR
to his Booke.

GO, little Booke into the largeſt world,
And blaze the chaſtneſſe of thy Maiden Muſe:
Regardleſſe of all enuie on thee hurl'd,
By the vnkindneſſe that the Readers vſe:
And thoſe that enuie thee by ſcruples letter,
Let them take pen in hand, and make a better.

THE LOVE
OF
Amos and *Laura*.

IN the large confines of renowned *France*,
There liu'd a Lord, whom Fortune did aduance,
Who had a Daughter, *Laura* call'd the faire;
So ſweet, ſo proper, and ſo debonaire,
That ſtrangers tooke her for to be no other,
Then *Venus* ſelfe, the God of *Loues* owne Mother.
Not farre from thence was ſituate a Towne,
The Lord thereof a Man of great renowne;
Whom likewiſe Fortune bleſſed with a Sonne,
Amos by name, ſo modeſt, ciuill, yong,
And yet in fight ſo wondrous and ſo bold,
As that therein he paſſed vncontroul'd:
So kind to ſtrangers, and ſo meeke to all;
Of comely grace, and ſtature ſomewhat tall.
As the wide world not two ſuch Impes affords,
As were the Off-ſprings of theſe happy Lords.
Hunting he lou'd; and therefore in a morne,
He ſhakes off ſleepe (for eaſe he laughs to ſcorne)

Before the ſable Curtaines of the Eaſt
Proclaim'd the Sunnes approach vnto the Weſt;
Or *Tytan*, Lordly Ruler of the morne,
Had in his Charriot left the night forlorne;
The Anti-podes. Or ſounded ſleepe to them, with whom (men ſay)
It's darkſome night when we enioy the day:
He brac'd his Hounds, and ſtriding o're his Steed,
Hope with a conqueſt did the Youngſter feed:
Which done, he hyes him to a mighty wood,
That ioyn'd where *Laura's* Fathers Palace ſtood:
Thither being come, a Bore he rais'd, whoſe pace
Did make our Huntſ-man loſe his hounds in chaſe:
Ranging the woods, he light into a Groue,
More pleaſant farre then that where *Venus* ſtroue
To winne *Adonis* to her hearts deſire,
Moou'd by the burning zeale of ſweet Loues fire.
In this ſweet Groue god *Pan* did keepe his Court,
And ſummon'd all the petty gods reſort,
As Satyrs, Nymphes, and others, to the ſame,
Where all ſing praiſes vnto *Laura's* name.
Into this Groue (neere to her chamber ſide)
(To take the Ayre) ſhe comes forth; ſoone eſpide
Of the yong Huntſ-man, who made haſte vnto her,
And thus the Nouice there begins to woo her:
Paragon of Beautie, diuine, though earthly creature,

And

And yet Celeſtiall in thy heauenly feature.
This ſudden courting, and vnwelcome ſight,
Made her adde wings to feare, and to that, flight:
He following after, caught her by the traine,
That in a rage the Maid turn'd backe againe,
And did demand, why he without remorſe,
Durſt cauſe her ſtay againſt her will by force.
Mou'd by the roſiat colour of thy face,
(Wherein conſiſts (quoth he) all heauenly grace,)
I was too bold, I muſt confeſſe indeed,
To touch the ſeluage of thy ſacred weede:
For which, my ſelfe Ile puniſh as thou wilt,
With any paine, for my deſerued guilt.
Doe but pronounce the ſentence of my death,
Theſe hands ſhall be the butchers of my breath:
But ſince the merit of my fault's no deeper,
Oh, let me be thy Priſoner, thou my Keeper;
So ſhall thine eyes be witneſſe of the woe,
Which for my bold offence Ile vndergoe.
Pronounce thy ſentence then. Wherewith ſhe ſpake,
You are your Crafts-man, Sir: and there ſhe brake.
Yet turning backe, quoth ſhe, O would 'twere true,
Your loue were firme to me, as mine to you!
And heere ſhe ceaſed: for when he came neere her,
She was afraid that he would ouer-heare her.

And art thou ſo vnwilling then, quoth hee,
To doome the ſentence which I aske of thee?
Perſwade thy ſelfe it is thy purer mind,
That will not let thy heart proue ſo vnkind:
O would that mind were mine, to ioyne thy heart
Either to end my life, or eaſe my ſmart.
Loue is my ſuite. Nor hate is my reply,
Quoth ſhe. Quoth he, I cannot court it, I:
They which but view the error in my lookes,
May finde I neuer learn'd in *Cupids* bookes:
But like a ſtone rough-hewen from the rocks,
And after poliſh'd by the Maſons knocks,
The former ſhewes but baſe then in compare,
So to my loue my ſpeech diſgraces are:
For were my ſpeech true patterne of my mind,
Not as it doth ſhould't come, but far more kinde.
Like as the Marchant, hearing of a loſſe,
Is wondrous ſorry for ſo great a croſſe;
And after heareth by a true report,
His goods are ſafely landed in the Fort,
Cannot expreſſe the ioy he doth conceiue:
For why, it doth his ſenſes quite bereaue;
And yet with ſigne of ſorrow blames th'euent,
Although it ſeeme moſt plaine and euident.
Or like a Ship toſs'd by tempeſtuous weather,

Now

Now here, then there, now backe again, then thither;
That whirle-winds meeting (roring out aloud)
Make watry Mountaines ſhew the ſhip each cloud:
Then with ſuch fury they deſcend the deepe,
From top of triple-Cedar-mountaines ſteepe,
As of the Seas rich orientall ſhew,
Againſt their wills they take a counter-view.
So fares his mind, which toſſed to and fro,
Sometimes doth ioy, and other times is woe:
Sometimes from depth aſcends into the ayre,
And though he hope, he hides it with deſpaire.
So long with feruent zeale he mou'd his ſuite,
Onely for want of words his tongue was mute.
"Where true affection rules in hotteſt fires,
"Dumbe ſignes and tokens then ſhew mens deſires:
For what he thought, he ſhew'd, he could not vtter,
Which made him oft when he ſhuld ſpeak, to mutter.
She that was wounded with the ſelfe-ſame dart,
Reueal'd with tongue that which ſhe wiſht with hart
And fram'd her anſwer, ſo much't could not grieue
For 'twas a ſalue to wound and to relieue him (him,
Say I could loue, quoth ſhe, my milder mind,
(Vnleſſe you further moue) cannot vnkinde
Frame you an anſwer: for we are by nature
So much addicted to mans heauenly feature,

That

That though your faults are great by your abuſe,
To blind the ſame it is our womens vſe.
Then as thou found'ſt me, leaue me, if thou wilt;
That ſhall be all I render for thy guilt:
Further I will not credit thy report:
Farewell, be gon: for I am miſt in Court.
With that ſhe flyes, and in her flight ſhe leaues
A well-wrought Scarfe, which ſtraight the wind vp heaues;
And proud of ſuch a prize, they doe infer,
With their Embaſſage vnto *Iupiter*,
And there preſented it: who, as 'twas right,
Did make the winds return't with ſwifteſt flight,
Vnto the place where *Amos* ſtood amazed
At that which hapt, who like a mad-man gazed,
Wondring what ſhe by this illuſion meant,
When to allure him was her whole intent:
But led in admiration moſt of all,
At the rich Scarfe which from the Maid did fall:
He viewes the worke, where finding of *Apollo*
Chaſing a Nymph, who ſwifter then a Swallow
Flyeth his armes; for feare did lend her wings,
To flye from him, which after her ſoone flings.
Himſelfe a foole he cals, that wanting skill,
Being allur'd, he had not knowne her will.
Doubtfull, he feares offence committed to her,

That

That he ſo raſhly, 'gainſt her will durſt woo her.
To cleare himſelfe of which offence, he flyes,
Reſolu'd to win the Maid, or loſe the Prize,
With proſperous haſte. O may thy haſte well ſpeed,
Whoſe wondrous loue did vertuouſly proceed:
Not from the flames of filthy luſts deſire,
As was that Rome-borne *Tarquins* luſtfull fire:
But as vnſpotleſſe from that filthy thought,
From that moſt hell-deſeruing thing of nought,
As euer heart lodg'd in a loyall breſt,
Or tongue, vntaught to lye, euer expreſt.
But why doe I digreſſe the path I tread,
Cloying your eares with that your eyes doe read?
Pardon my boldneſſe, and giue eare a while
To that, of him, which my inferior ſtile
Shall now expreſſe: though't not with honor ſtands,
He thinks one paire of legs worth twice two hands.
The arrow ſwift, ſent from the ſturdie Bow,
May be accounted to his flight but ſlow:
At laſt he gain'd the Court, to which being come,
It ſhew'd like to the Palace of the Sunne,
Deſcrib'd in *Ouid*: for in length and faireneſſe,
None might ſurpaſſe the Workmanſhip and rarenes.
Through which his way lies, & he needs muſt paſſe,
The pauement Marble was, the walls of Glaſſe:

Whereunder was ſo liuely caru'd the Story
Of great *Ioues* loue, his wondrous works and glory,
With many others loue: which to rehearſe,
Would adde a mighty Volumne to my Verſe,
Beſides mine owne weake wit: for I doe know it,
He was a better workman then I Poet.
Yet could not this abate the Louers pace:
For he ſtill holds the louely Maid in chaſe.
Paſſing the Court, he comes into a greene,
Which was in middeſt of the Palace ſeene:
Thorow the midſt there ran a pleaſant Spring,
On each ſide with a wall of bricke hem'd in,
Onely in midſt a Stile, beyond, a Planke,
Which with a Bridge did ſerue to either Banke.
Ouer this Stile as *Laura* lightly skips,
In her rent garment happily it ſlips,
And held her there a while, till he came to her,
Where once againe the Nouice 'gins to woo her.
Fly not thy friend, our Maker willeth ſo,
Things reaſonleſſe approue and wiſh it too;
If without ſenſe and reaſon all things then
Obſerue a better courſe then humane men,
How ſauage were we then, offending ſo,
Committing that which we offence doe know?
O were my tongue a ſecond *Orpheus* Harpe,

That

That to my loue I might allure thy heart!
Or were thy loue but equall vnto mine,
Then wouldſt thou ſeeke his fauor who ſeeks thine!
Methinks vnkindneſſe cannot come from thence,
Where beautie raignes with ſuch magnificence,
I meane from thee, whom Nature hath endow'd
With more then Art would willingly allow'd:
And though by nature you are borne moſt faire,
Yet Art would adde a beautie to your ſhare:
But it being ſpotleſſe, doth diſdaine receipt
Of all vnpoliſht painting counterfeit.
Your beautie is a ſnare vnto our wayes,
Wherein once caught, we cannot brooke delayes;
Which makes vs oft through griefe of mind grow ſad,
Griefe followes grief, then malecontent & mad.
Thus by deniall doe you cauſe our woe,
And then doe triumph in our ouerthrow.
What is it to be faire? Onely a vanity,
A fading bloſſome, of no perpetuity,
Conſider this: for beauty is a flower,
Subiect to ill occaſions euery hower:
It is a tenure holden, as we ſee,
Durante Dei placito, not in fee.
Meaſure my Loue then, proue it by a tryall:
Let me not languiſh ſtill by your denyall.

If in my ſuit I erre, as by miſchance,
Blame not my loue, but count it ignorance:
The tongue is but an inſtrument of nought,
And cannot ſpeake the largeneſſe of the thought:
For when the mind abounds, and almoſt breaketh,
Then through abundance of the heart it ſpeaketh:
No man can ſpeake but what he hath in mind:
Then what I ſpeake, I thinke, be not vnkind
Vnto your ſeruant, who obedience proffers,
And makes firme loue the obiect of his offers.
I will not boaſt of Patronage or Lyne,
For all are baſe, reſpecting thee diuine:
Nor will I boaſt of wealth or riches ſtore,
For in thy face conſiſts all wealth and more.
Pure are my thoughts, as skin betweene thy browes,
And eke as chaſte my ſpeech, my oathes & vowes:
Speake, ſweeteſt Faire, but one kind word to mee,
How can (alas) that be offence in thee?
There was a Dame, a moderne Poet ſung,
Hero by name, like thee, both faire and young:
And both ſo faire, that you did others paſſe,
As farre as rareſt Diamonds common Glaſſe:
Whom young *Leander* courted on a Greene,
A Maid ſo faire (but thee) was neuer ſeene:
She granted loue, which he (alas) to gaine,

To reape thoſe ioyes, did croſſe the briniſh Maine.
My loue to thee, I now compare to his;
Accounting danger ſo requited, bliſſe.
There are no Seas to ſeparate our ioy,
No future danger can our loue annoy:
Then grant to me, what ſhe denyde not him,
If good in her, in thee it is no ſinne.
The Sunne hath ſhin'd thus long, O let not now
The Sunne be darkned by thine angry brow.
But rather let each looke a Comet bee,
That may preſage my happy deſtiny.
I could to you a ſhort diſcourſe impart,
That would relent the direſt ſtonie heart,
Wer't not offence. It's no offence, quoth ſhe.
Then thus the ſame Ile briefly tell, quoth he:
A poore old man by chance did breake his leg,
And he was told where he was wont to beg,
That ſuch a Surgion (telling of his name,)
If that he pleas'd, could quickly cure the ſame.
Which when he heard, to him for helpe he goes,
And craues for Gods ſake he would eaſe his woes.
The Surgion greedy to haue coine therefore,
But finding none, he would not heale the ſore:
Which caus'd the poore old man to keepe his bed,
That he for want of helpe in time was dead.

Alas, poore ſoule; (quoth ſhe) and did he dye?
Would I were Iudge, or he were ſuch as I,
I ſo would vſe the Surgion, as that hee
Should feele the griefe which he before did ſee.
Thus you confeſſe your wrong to me, ſweet Maid,
If you performe (quoth he) the words you ſaid,
I am the man, who wounded, ſeeke reliefe:
And you, the cauſer of my endleſſe griefe;
You are the Surgion, whom I vrge the more
To cure the wound, becauſe you made the ſore:
Be not obdurate then, ſith my diſeaſe
Is quickly cured, if the Surgion pleaſe.
And this I vow, Water ſhall turne to fire,
Huge maſſie mountaines to the clouds aſpire; (nes,
The Sun ſhall leaue his courſe, the Moon her bright-
Night turne to day, and day ſhall loſe his lightnes;
Fiſhes ſhall fly, birds ſwim, and Hare ſhall hunt
The Hound, which to purſue the Hare was wont:
Ayre, Earth, Fire, Water, all things which you view,
Shall change their natures, ere I turne from you.
And longer then I breathe a loyall friend,
Let me (O heauens) endure a wicked end.
Silence (quoth ſhe) and here let ceaſe thy ſute,
Cauſe of diſtruſt in loue did make me mute:
Aske why I yeelded in ſo ſhort a ſeaſon,

Becauſe

Becauſe I loue, that is a womans reaſon.
Yet Maids are fearefull; for by mens abuſe,
Courting is turned to a common vſe:
How is he held, that cannot in theſe dayes,
Faſhion his words to each phantaſticke phraſe?
Which makes vs oft with one word to debaſe
Him from our boſomes, whom our hearts imbrace:
And, as you men doe for a Prouerbe make it,
That which we loue, we oft ſay nay, and take it.
Delayes breed danger, wherefore what I ſaid,
And what agrees with Honour, and a Maid,
I yeeld to thee; but yet on this condition,
Thou ſhalt not dare t'attempt the leaſt fruition
Of my chaſte thoughts, by drawing them aſide,
Before in wedlocke I am made thy Bride.
This ſaid; ſhe to the Court, he to his hounds,
Where they had ſlaine a Bore, whoſe blood abounds:
Glad of his prey, he haſtneth home amaine,
With ſhort returne he comes to her againe,
And hauing ioyn'd themſelues in *Hymens* bands,
The ſacred Prieſt vniteth heart and hands:
They reape thoſe ioyes which elder Louers know,
And thus my tale doth end, thus ends their woe.

FINIS.

EPI-

EPIGRAMMES.

Don Pedro's *debt*.

Don Pedro's out of debt, be bold to ſay it;
For they are ſaid to owe, that meane to pay it.

Sextus *wit*.

TO haue good wit is *Sextus* thought by many;
But ſure he hides it all, he ſhewes not any.

Of caſting out Spirits by Prayer, without Faſting.

A Vertuous Dame, who for her ſtate and quality
Did euer loue to keepe great hoſpitality;
Her name I muſt not name in plaine reciting,
But thus, *The chiefe inſtrument of writing*,
Was by *Duke Humfrey's* Gueſts ſo boldly haunted,
That her good mind therewith was ſorely danted:
She ſighing ſaid, one day, t'a careleſſe Ieſter,
Theſe ill-bred Gueſts my boord and houſe ſo peſter,
That I pray God oft-times with all my heart,
That they would leaue their haunt, and hence depart.
He, that by his owne humour haply gheſt,
What manner Sprite theſe Smell-feaſts had poſſeſt;

Told

Told her, the ſureſt way ſuch Sprites out-caſting,
Was to leaue Prayer a while, and fall to faſting.

Of wicked Prayers.

A Husband and a Wife oft diſagreeing,
And either weary of the others being,
In choller great, eyther deuoutly prayes
To God, that he would ſhorten th'others dayes:
But, more deuout then both, their ſonne and heyre
Prayes God that he wold grant thē both their prayer.

The Author, of his Fortune.

TAke Fortune as it fals, ſo one aduiſeth,
But *Heywood* bids me take it as it riſeth:
And while I thinke to doe as both doe teach,
It fals and riſeth quite beyond my reach.

Of miſſe-pointing.

DAmes are endu'd with vertues excellent:
What man is he can proue that? they offend
Daily, they ſerue the Lord with good intent
Seld, they diſpleaſe their Husbands to the end
Alwayes, to pleaſe them well they doe intend
Neuer, in them one ſhall find ſhrewdnes much,
Such are their humours, and their graces ſuch.

To his Wife.

MY *Mall*, the former Verſes this doe teach you,
That ſome deceiue, ſome are deceiu'd by ſhews;
For this that in your praiſe ſo firmely goes,
With one halfe point and ſtop will ouer-reach you,
And turne the praiſe to ſcorne, the Verſe to Proſe,
By which you may be ſlandred all as ſhrewes,
And ſome perhaps may ſpeake, and ſay no treaſon,
The Verſes had more rime, the Proſe more reaſon.

Of a preciſe Taylor.

A Taylor, thought a man of vpright dealing,
True but for lying, honeſt but for ſtealing,
Did fall one day extremely ſicke by chance,
And on the ſudden was in wondrous trance:
The Fiends of Hell muſtring in fearefull manner,
Of ſundry coloured ſilkes diſplay'd a banner,
Which he had ſtolne, and wiſht, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Vpon recouery grew a great Preciſion:
He bought a Bible of the beſt tranſlation,
And in his life he ſhew'd great reformation,
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three Lectures, and two Sermons weekly:

He

He vow'd to ſhun all company vnruly,
And in his ſpeech he vs'd no Oath but *Truly*:
And zealouſly tô keepe the Sabbaths reſt,
His meate for that day on the Eue was dreſt:
And leſt the cuſtome which he had to ſteale,
Might cauſe him ſometimes to forget his zeale,
He giues his Iourneyman a ſpeciall charge,
That if, the Stuffe allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclin'd,
Bid him to haue the Banner in his mind.
This done, (I ſcant can tell the reſt for laughter)
A Captaine of a ſhip came three dayes after,
And brought three yards of Veluet, and 3. quarters,
To make Venetians downe below the garters.
He, that preciſely knew what was ynough,
Soone ſlipt aſide three-quarters of the ſtuffe.
His man eſpying it, ſaid in deriſion,
Maſter, remember how you ſaw the viſion.
Peace, knaue, quoth he, I did not ſee one ragge
Of ſuch a coloured ſilke in all the flagge.

Of a Citizen and his Sonne.

A Citizen that dwelt neere Temple barre,
By hap one day fell with his ſonne at iarre:
Who for his euill life, and lewd demerit,
He oft affirm'd he would quite diſinherit,

And vow'd his goods and lands all to the poore:
His ſonne, what with his drinke, what with his ( )
Was ſo conſumed at laſt, that he did lacke
Meate for his mouth, and clothing for his backe.
O craftie pouertie! his father now
May giue him all he hath, yet keepe his vow.

Miſtaking a word.

AN Engliſh Lad long woo'd a Laſſe of *Wales*,
And entertain'd her with ſuch pretty tales,
As though ſhe vnderſtood not, yet to try him,
She gaue conſent at laſt to vnder-lye him.
Both hauing dallyed to their full ſociety,
The Wench, to ſhew ſome womanly ſobriety,
Told in her language ſhe was well ypaid,
And Diggon, Diggon, once or twice ſhe ſaid.
Diggon in Welch doth ſignifie ynough,
Which he miſtaking, anſwers thus in ſnuffe:
Digge on that can, (quoth he) for I ſo ſore
Haue digg'd already, I can digge no more.

Of his Cooke, named Corniſh.

MY Corniſh Cooke, in rage & fury great, (ſweat
Did chafe, and chide, and curſe, & ſweare, and
Becauſe the turn-broach burned had the meat,
And with the baſting-ladle did him beate.

Was

Was not my Cooke a raſh and angry Cullion,
When he ſhould baſt the meat, to baſt the Scullion?

Of his Writings.

MY Writings oft diſpleaſe you. What's the matter?
You loue not to heare truth, nor I to flatter.

Of a Ladies Cabinet.

A Vertuous Lady ſitting in a muſe,
As oftentimes faire vertuous Ladies vſe,
Did leane her elbow on her knee full hard,
The other diſtant from it halfe a yard.
Her Knight to taunt her with ſome priuie token,
Said, Wife, awake, your Cabinet ſtands open.
She roſe, and bluſht, and ſmil'd, and ſoft did ſay,
Then locke it, if you liſt, you keepe the key.

Of Wiues ruling.

COncerning wiues, hold this a certaine rule,
That if at firſt you let them haue the rule,
Your ſelfe at laſt with them ſhall haue no rule,
Except you let them euermore to rule.

EPIGRAMMES.

Of Gella's *Periwig.*

SEe you the goodly haire that *Gella* weares? (it.
'Tis certain her own haire, one wold haue thoght
She ſweares it is her owne, and true ſhe ſweares:
For hard by *Temple-barre* laſt day ſhe bought it.
So faire a haire vpon ſo foule a forhead,
Augmẽts diſgrace, & ſhews her grace was borrow'd.

Of a Prater, out of Martiall.

WHo ſo is hoarſe, and yet to prate doth preſſe,
Proues he can neither ſpeak, nor hold his peace.

Of truſting to his friend.

IF you will ſhrowd your ſelfe from all miſhaps,
And ſhun the cauſe of many after-claps,
Put not in any one too much beliefe,
Your ioy will be the leſſe, ſo will your griefe.

Of Fauſtus, *a ſtealer of Verſes.*

IHeare that *Fauſtus* oftentimes rehearſes
To his chaſte Miſtris certaine of my Verſes:
In which, by vſe, ſo perfect he is growne,
That ſhe, poore foole, doth thinke they are his own.
I would eſteeme it (truſt me) grace, not ſhame,
If *Daniel*, or if *Dauis* did the ſame:

Nor

Nor would I ſtorme, or would I quarrels picke,
I when I liſt, to them could doe the like.
But who can wiſh a man a fouler ſpight,
Then haue a blind man take away his ſight?
A begging theefe is dangerous to my purſe,
A baggage Poet to my Verſe is worſe.

An Epitaph by a man of his Father.

GOd workes wonders now and than,
Heere lyes a Lawyer was an honeſt man.

An Epitaph of Aretine.

HEere lyes *Aretine*, that poiſonous Toade,
Whoſe ſpitefull tonge & Pen, all Saints beſhrow
Did raile on Prince and Prieſt, & all but God, (him,
And ſaid for his excuſe, he did not know them.

FINIS.
